

KATHERINE

A PLEASANT LITTLE STORY OF MEMORIAL DAY.

DAD," said Jack, at the breakfast table, "I've got to have a new pair of shoes before Memorial day. All the fellows are getting patent leather oxfords, and I find my shoes getting rather disreputable—worn clear through on the soles."

"Dad"—elsewhere known and respected as the honorable Judge Adams—laid down his morning paper and looked at Jack over his glasses.

"See here, young man, go ahead and get your patent leathers if you need them, but get the ones you have on fixed up. I know where there's a little cobbling shop down on Spencer street—it's kept by two brothers—old soldiers both of 'em, crippled by the war, and they're trying to make an honest living. Tell the old fellows to put on some good strong half soles and straighten up the heels if they need straightening."

Katherine passed her father the toast. "Daddy," she said, coaxingly, "may I take the new auto on Memorial day? You know you and mamma are talking of going to Uncle Robert's to spend the day, and if you'd only let me take it I'd be so careful."

He folded his newspaper, consulted his watch anxiously, and rose. "Well," he said, "I've got to be going or I'll miss that car. Yes, Katherine, I guess you may take the auto, if you think you can be careful. Broken bones are expensive as well as mighty painful. And you, Jack, remember what I told you about those shoes."

Jack cornered Katherine as she was going upstairs to dress for school. "Say, sis," he said, digging his fists into his pockets, "would you mind taking my shoes down to those old cobbler on your way to school? You generally go that way to call for Phyllis, don't you?"

Katherine took the bundle under her arm along with her high-school books and went down Spencer street.

She went into the little shop and sat down to wait. She had knocked loudly, but no one had responded, and she had made bold to enter.

As she sat there waiting, voices from the little kitchen beyond reached her. Evidently the two old men were having a late breakfast, and evidently also they were somewhat hard of hearing, for they kept on talking.

Katherine did not really mean to listen, but a sentence caught and held her attention.

"I don't care so much for myself, Jerry," an old voice was saying, "but laws! you hain't ever missed gold to Decoration day. And I hate to have you miss this one—yes, sir, I do, Jerry. If work wasn't so slack now mebbe we could afford to hire old man Dawson's horse an' buggy to go with, but there's the grocery bill yet to pay, an' the medicine for your rheumatiz, an' the repairs on my wooden leg, and our pensions not due yet for quite a spell, and—"

Here Jerry broke in. "Now you didn't no call to worry none about me, Silas," he said, "not a mite. I guess I know how willin' you be to go without things so as to give me a little pleasure—you always was that way—an' I appreciate it. But don't you go to worryin'. I guess mebbe we can hear the band play clear here, an'—"



They hobbled into the little shop, mebbe we can catch a glimpse of the flags a-wavin'. An' we can put out our own flag same's ever, if Johnnie, next door, will nail it up on the porch. My rheumatiz, an' your wooden leg bein' away gettin' fixed, leaves us sorter helpless, don't it?"

Just here Katherine remembered herself and coughed loudly. The two old men set down their heavy teacups in haste. Silas caught up his crutch and Jerry his cane, and they hobbled into the little shop.

Katherine opened the bundle. "Here are my brother's shoes," she said; "they need half-soleing and straightening at the heels, and a tiny patch right here. And can you fix them today, please?"

The two old brothers smiled at her. "Why yes, we'll fix 'em today," said Silas. "Jerry can take one an' me the other, an' the boy can come an' get 'em this noon."

Katherine could not quite tear herself away from the genial old men who apparently put up so brave and cheerful a struggle against adversity.

"My father says you are both old

soldiers," she began. "You must try to go to the exercises up in the cemetery on Memorial day. They say they're to be exceptionally fine this year. Gen. Thomas Wyatt is going to deliver the oration, and—"

Old Jerry almost bounded to his feet in his excitement. "I want to know!" he cried; "I want to know! Why, my land o' liberty, Silas an' me fit under him in the war! Old Tom Wyatt! An' here's Silas an' me old an' crippled, an' can't go to see him and hear him!"

Katherine, her young face aglow with sudden resolve, rose impulsively. "Well," she said, "you shall go, some way. I'll see that there's some way provided so you can both ride up to the cemetery and see and hear your old general!"

As she hurried on to school she thought: "Isn't that just like me? All impulse and not a bit of reason. Just because those two poor old men touched my sympathies. Now, how



Gave Them the Ride of Their Lives.

are you going to get them up to that cemetery, I'd like to know? Hire a lively rig? Pocket money for May all gone. Borrow from Daddy? Never! Take them in the automobile instead of the girls? Well—I never—"

Katherine stopped on the sidewalk and laughed aloud. What would the girls say? And the boys? And Jack?

The girl's eyes sparkled. "I will!" she said, "and I know of another who will fill the empty seat. Old Mrs. Davis, who hasn't been to a Memorial day celebration for years, and she a soldier's widow still wearing an old rusty cape veil in his memory. Poor old dear! And I know not one of them has ever had an auto ride or ever expects to. And after the exercises perhaps I'll take them a spin down the river road. I will! I will! The poor old souls! I'll make 'em have one royal afternoon or die in the attempt."

That afternoon was a dream of delight to the three old people and the years fell from them like a garment, so wonderful a thing is joy to those whom joy seldom visits. The color came in Widow Davis' wrinkled cheeks, and her old eyes beamed with pride as she looked across the rows of graves to Henry's, where the little flag fluttered and the great bouquet of white syringas and plummy lilacs lay like a benediction. The band played its sweetest and softest, and the two old brothers never knew that quiet tears were running down their faces as they listened.

The general's speech was strong and true, and brave and tender, and when it was over, Silas and Jerry could not refrain from bobbing up to greet their old commander.

When at last it was all over and the people began to descend the long hill, Katherine turned her automobile in the direction of the river road. She drove slowly, so that her guests might enjoy the exquisite view, and on and on they went, miles out into the beautiful, free, open country. But on the way home Katherine gave them the ride of their lives, and laughed to see the widow's old face flushed like a girl's and her gray hair floating on the wind, while the old crepe veil blew out straight behind into the delighted faces of the two old men, who were thoroughly enjoying the swift pace. It was all very wonderful and beautiful, and surely there was a good deal in life after all, they thought.

That night the general was the guest of honor at Judge Adams' at dinner. The judge and his wife had at the eleventh hour given up their proposed visit, and were glad and proud to entertain so famous a guest.

The general looked across at Katherine. "My dear young lady," he began in his stately, old-fashioned way, "it does me good—more than I can express in mere words—to discover that youth is not all frivolity and flippancy in this generation. When I saw you today giving pleasure and satisfaction to those whose lives are poor and lowly—when I heard afterward of the delightful outing you gave them on the beautiful river road—why—I—"

The general stopped and tried to think of the proper word, then smiled at Katherine, which was a great deal better than finding it.

"They told me all about it—Silas and Jerry," he said, "when I called to see them on my way here, and if ever a happier or prouder pair of brothers existed I have never met them."

BOTH EAGER TO MEET HIM

Father as Well as Daughter Would Like to Find Man So Liberal With His Wares.

"Have some perfumery on your handkerchief?" inquired the street salesman, ingratiatingly. The two schoolgirls passed, giggling, and as they passed he squeezed the bulb of his atomizer and sprinkled their backs.

"Have some perfumery?" he inquired as a stout, middle-aged gentleman passed. The stout, middle-aged gentleman did not pause, nor did he lift his eyes from the cement walk beneath his feet. As he passed the salesman squeezed the bulb with feeling and a fine mist of reeking perfume smote the gentleman in the back. He noticed the smell of perfume, but wondered where it came from.

On the car that evening the stout, middle-aged gentleman sat next a friend of similar appearance and age. This person began to sniff.

"Getting gay, ain't you?" he inquired.

"How so?" asked his companion. "Why, you're usin' perfume," said the other. "It beats all how these gay old parties dink up." The other scowled at him.

"You're off your base," he said; "I never use perfume."

"Don't, eh?" guffawed his friend. "Tell that to somebody that can't smell." Then the indignant wearer of perfume got off the car.

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed his wife, "using perfume! At your age, too!" The stout, middle-aged gentleman glared at her, a purple, hopeless glare.

"I haven't used any perfume, madam," he said, stiffly. "What makes you think so?"

"My nose, for one thing," said his wife, indignantly; "you might as well admit it."

Then came the daughter of the house, the idol of her parents.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, "can't I have a quarter? I want to buy some perfume from a man downtown—just smell my handkerchief."

"I can fix that," said the stout, middle-aged man, pleasantly; but his wife looked at him apprehensively. "Come with me, daughter. We'll find the nice man that squirted perfume on your handkerchief."—Galveston News.

Danger in Overstraining.

The chief dangers arising from carrying athletics to extremes are: First, uneven development of limbs and organs, due to special extravagant devotion to one form of exercise. This is especially dangerous in immature bodies. Second, overstrain on the nerves and rapid waste of tissue. Third, and perhaps most serious of all, general poisoning by the accumulation of waste products in the body far more rapidly than they can be eliminated by natural means.

Lastly, overphysical culture has a very bad mental effect, for the more perfectly trained a man is in the physical sense the nearer he approaches to the level of an automaton—a splendidly balanced and regulated machine, but weakened in the higher mental qualities. Vital force cannot be increased in this way; it can only be specialized, and what is gained in one direction has to be lost in another.—Family Doctor.

When a widow reads her husband's obituary she is apt to be surprised to learn what a fine man he really was.

Two Glasses. Kinder is the looking glass than the wine glass, for the former reveals your defects only to yourself, but the latter to your friends.

How It Happened. "Congratulations, old chap. You are seen everywhere with Lord Bunkhurst." "Yes, I have rented him for the season."

Sensible Reform. A law that shall condemn all tradesmen convicted of adulteration to consume their own goods.

THE MARKETS.

Financial.

New York, May 24.—Money on call 3 1/2% per cent. Prime mercantile paper 4% per cent. Sterling exchange \$4.87 1/2 for demand.

Government Bonds Irregular.

Grain, Provisions and Live Stock.

Cleveland, May 24.—Flour—Minnesota spring patents \$5.25@5.55.

Wheat—No. 2 red \$1.09 1/4.

Corn—No. 3 yellow 63 1/2 c.

Oats—No. 3 white 43 1/2 c.

Butter—Best creamery 28 1/2 c.

Cheese—York state 17 1/2 c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh 20 1/2 c.

Potatoes—Ohio 28 1/2 c.

Cattle—Best steers \$7.25@7.50, calves \$6.50@6.75.

Sheep—Choice wethers \$5.35@5.50, choice lambs \$5.40@5.50.

Hogs—Heavy Yorkers \$9.75, pigs \$9.50.

Toledo, May 24.—Wheat—Cash \$1.10.

Corn—Cash 60 c.

Oats—Cash 42 c.

Cloverseed—Cash \$6.90.

Buffalo, May 24.—Cattle—Export cattle \$8.00@8.50, shipping steers \$7.40@7.60.

Hogs—Yorkers \$10.00@10.10, pigs \$10.20.

Sheep—Wethers \$5.50@5.75, lambs \$7.00@8.00.

Pittsburg, May 24.—Cattle—Choice steers \$9.00@9.10, good \$7.40@7.75.

Hogs—Heavy Yorkers \$9.85, pigs \$9.85@9.90.

Sheep—Prime wethers \$5.50@5.80, lambs \$4.50@4.80.

Chicago, May 24.—Wheat—May \$1.08.

Corn—May 58 1/2 c.

Oats—May 40 1/2 c.

Pork—July \$22.80.

Lard—July \$12.60.

Cattle—Bees \$5.50@5.80, stockers and feeders \$4.00@4.50.

Hogs—Heavy \$9.35@9.70, pigs \$9.10@9.60.

Sheep—Native \$4.00@4.50, lambs, native \$5.75@6.00.

Practical Fashions

LADIES' SHIRT WAIST.



Paris Pattern No. 2749, All Seams Allowed.—The model illustrated is an excellent one for a plain tailored shirt waist of taffeta silk or any of the striped or plain colored wash silks which are so pretty and practical to wear with the short skirt and long coat of serge, mohair or flannel, which are such a rage at the present time. It is also adaptable to heavy linen, Indian-head cotton, madras, victoria lawn, persian lawn or pique. It is slightly gathered at the waist line at the front and back and closes at the center-front under a moderately wide box plait. The collar is of white linen, or it may be of the same material as the waist and of turndown or Dutch variety. The sleeves are slightly gathered into the armholes and finished with straight cuffs if they are long or with deep turn-back cuffs if a three-quarter model is used. The pattern is in eight sizes—32 to 46 inches bust measure. For 36 bust the waist requires 3 1/2 yards of material 20 inches wide, 3 yards 27 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide or 1 1/2 yards 42 inches wide.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 2749. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

LADIES' FOUR-GORED PETTICOAT.



Paris Pattern No. 2477, All Seams Allowed.—Fine cambric, nainsook, muslin, or jaconet are the materials that are ordinarily used for the summer petticoat. The one illustrated, however, is just as adaptable to the petticoat of silk, but if made of this latter material the flounce is usually of plaited silk or lace. The flounce is of deep embroidery or lace edging if the petticoat be of washable material, headed by a row of ribbon-run beading. The pattern is in 8 sizes—22 to 36 inches waist measure. For 26 waist the petticoat made as illustrated requires 6 1/2 yards of material 20 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide, or 3 1/2 yards 42 inches wide, each with 4 1/2 yards of flouncing 21 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards of beading and 4 1/2 yards of ribbon. Width of flower edge of gores about 2 1/4 yards.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 2477. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

Gambling is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity and the father of mischief.—Washington.

Child Devoured by Eagles. The skeleton of a three-year-old child who mysteriously disappeared from his parents' home about six years ago, and had never been heard of again, has been discovered by a hunter in an eagle's nest on the eastern Alps.

Speaking "Through the Nose." We remark that such a one "speaks through the nose," when, as a matter of fact, the queer disagreeable tone is produced when the nasal passage is closed. Hold the nostrils and prove it.

The Man Invasion. The witch out for a moonlight jaunt on her favorite broomstick, had just escaped being run down by an aeroplane manned by a joy-rider. "Oh, this is simply maddening!" she cried, hysterically; "to think of man invading the one field of which we women have had a monopoly for centuries! And I believe I heard the brute say, as he passed: 'Oh, you kid witch!'"

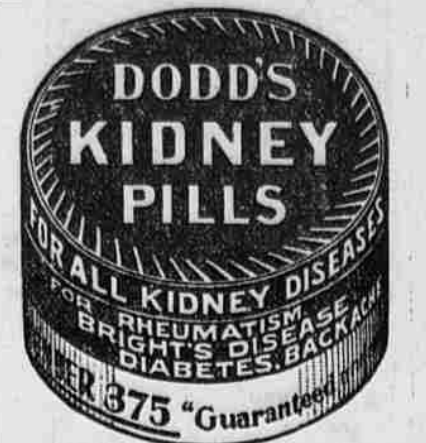
What He Knew. "You can tell me the names of the twelve apostles, Sam?" said the pretty Sunday school teacher one morning. Sam's face fell, and he shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "Can't do it, ma'am," he said, sorrowfully; and then his eyes brightened; "but I can call off all of the pitchers in the league teams," he volunteered.—Harper's Magazine.

Skill to do comes of doing; knowledge comes by eyes always open and working hands; and there is knowledge that is not power.—Emerson.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER. For a sudden chill or cold (instead of whiskey, use Painkiller. For colic, diarrhea and summer complaint this medicine never fails. 25c, 50c and 50c bottles.

It takes an oculist to make some people open their eyes.

Hint to Autoists. Maggie—I see you out in Harry's auto to all the time. I didn't know you liked him better than Jack. Marjorie—I don't. But the color of his car harmonizes better with my automobile coat.



DELAWARE FARMS. Best fruit-growing soil, good markets, fine climate. Write now to WILLEY & RAWLINS, STAFFORD, DEL.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water. W. N. U., CLEVELAND, NO. 22-1910.

Answer This Question

When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured numerous cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble?

Here are two letters which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fitchville, Ohio.—"My daughter was all run down, suffered from pains in her side, head and limbs, and could walk but a short distance at a time. She came very near having nervous prostration, had begun to cough a good deal, and seemed melancholy by spells. She tried two doctors but got little help. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier and Liver Pills she has improved so much that she feels and looks like another girl."—Mrs. C. Cole, Fitchville, Ohio.

Irassburg, Vermont.—"I feel it my duty to say a few words in praise of your medicine. When I began taking it I had been very sick with kidney and bladder troubles and nervous prostration. I am now taking the sixth bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and find myself greatly improved. My friends who call to see me have noticed a great change."—Mrs. A. H. Sanborn, Irassburg, Vermont.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

What more proof can any one ask?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



When—The Stomach is Sick
The Liver Sluggish
The Bowels Clogged
The Blood Impure
The Skin Sallow

Then—It's Time to Take

That grand, old, time-tested remedy—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

In boxes with full directions, 10c. and 25c.

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stops itching. Is the most effective application known for eczema. The best dressing for burns or scalds, a prompt and effectual remedy in all forms of inflammation, eruptions and irritation of the skin. 50 cents a jar, all druggists or sent direct on receipt of price. A certain cure for itching piles.

RESINOL CHEMICAL COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.
"I have found in my experience nothing to equal RESINOL for all diseases of the skin."
S. S. Stewart, Stewart Station, Pa.

DEFIANCE COLLEGE

A college of the highest grade. A college that gives you standing in the educational world, with the great Universities, Public School Men, School Boards, etc. Graduates in demand.

DEPARTMENTS
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